

A Pindarique
O D E,
ON THEIR
Royal Highnesses
HAPPY
R E T U R N
FROM
SCOTLAND
AFTER HIS
Escape at Sea.



L O N D O N,

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A Pinxitide



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A Pindarique Ode.

With the same joy (those poor deserted men
On Greenland-shore beheld the Sun agen
After being left a prey
To Night, wild Beasts, and all devouring Sea)
Forth from our dark Recesses are we come,
Illustrious Prince to bid Thee welcome home,
And at thy Feet our selves and wishes lay :
Long hath the cold congealed North been blest
With thy warm Beams, which have dissolv'd each brest,
And melted down with Art,
Each Frozen and Rebellious Heart,
Then bound them up in bands of Love, and Loyal Interest.

ILl wait upon Thee
Since Thou wert there,
The Salvage High-lands like a Court appear,
So civil, so obliging everywhere.
Thus Rome of old was fam'd
When Africk She, and barbarous Scythia tam'd,
But 'twas her Arms subdu'd : Whil'st unto Thee
(Without th' enforcement of thy Sword)
Each stubborn Rebel bows the Knee,
Thy only presence gains a Victory,
And every place fresh Lawrels doth afford,
As if with Cesar Thou
Hadst nothing more to do,
Then come, and see, and overcome us too.

III.

As when some lusty Bridegroom doth attend
That happy minute shall his joys compleat,
And fighing thinks that Day will never end,
Whose envious hours debarrs his hopes to meet
In the Embraces of the Genial Sheet :
So every minute did an hour seem,
Each hour a Day, each Day an Age, whil'st we
Only injoy'd Thee in a Dream,
Like sleeping Virgins in Loves Extrase :
Plebeian Souls, who know no difference
Between a Peasant and a Prince,
Like Aesop's Dunghil Cocks are only born
To prize a single Barly-Corn

Beyond

Agonist

Beyond the richest Jem,
And yet
Each known and able Artist thinks it fit
To Adorn some mighty Princes Diadem :
So our great Monarch who doth move
In the sublimest Sphear, above
Such vulgar Orbs, knows how to value Thee,
Whil'st in his Breast thou shalt a Relique be
Of Honour, and untainted Loyalty.

I V.

When the Gygantick Sons of Earth,
(Who from the Chaos first took Birth)
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and Rocks and Mountains threw
Against Heaven's Battlement,
The Gods a while sat smiling for to view
Their fond intent,
And then at once their forked Thunder sent,
Which head-long drove to Hell that impious Crew :
Thus when the Hair-brain'd Sons of Ignorance did
Level their Darts of Envy at thy Head ,
Thou with a generous disdain
Did'st view that giddy train,
And thy own single Virtue did'st oppose
Against thy raging Foes :
So fixt and solid Rocks when *Boreas* Raves,
With silent scorn ~~rebel~~ th' invading Waves.
But when more insolent they grew,
And Mountains of reproaches threw,
When they did rear
Rocks of Rebellion in the Air,
And pure Religion by the Roots did tear :
At once Thou didst thy Princely rage let go,
At once their Malice over-threw,
And head-long them, and their black Crimes hast sent,
To howle in Regions of Despair, and Flames of Discontent.

V.

Ah ! rash and inconsiderate *Phaeton*,
What made thy fond desire
So much aspire,
To guide the flaming Char'ot of the Sun ?
It would have faer been,
If with the Golden mean,
The Lower Orbs thou had'st survey'd,
And let thy Father his own Day have fway'd :
Well knew his fiery Coursers how to trace
Those usual Paths of Light,
Which through the Mornings Gates with wonted pace,
Led them to *Thetis* cooling Streams at Night ,
But when thy feeble hand no more
Their fury could restrain, then they

Through

Through Seas of Clouds sought their forbidden way,
And numerous Worlds of distant Starrs survey'd,
Starrs only known to Gods themselves before,
Whil'st the whole Heavens with threatening Flames do roar:

Jove from on high
Beheld the scorching Earth, and flaming Sky,
Jove shook the World with Thunder; but dismay'd
The Youth shrunk in his Guilty Head,

And now too late, and regre't all no'c'd
Laments his daring Crime, and wretched Fate;
But all in vain his rashness he id'ly own,
For from his glorious Height he tumbld down,
Quitting at once his Life and Hopes, together with a Thunders

Yet we have seen thy Head Great *JAMES* out-brave
The thundering Cannon, when the Neighbouring shore
Affrighted stood to hear those Monsters roar,
As wondering what the God of War would have,
Whil'st unconcern'd, as if thou didst command

The sole great Empire both of Sea and Land,
Like *Jove* amidst his Thunders thou hast stood;

Disposing Fate, then swum to Victory through a Sea of Blood,
Commanding her upon thy Sword to wait,
So marcht *Alcides* to his Labours when

He Conquer'd, to return'd again,
As when from Battel our great Admiral came,
Cover'd with Lawrels, and inrich't by Fame,
Only in this, *Jove's* Off-spring is out-done,
Thou hast beyond his *Ne Plus Ultra* gone,

Since thy more glorious Trophies be
As on the Land erected on the Sea.

But Aged *Neptune* views with jealous Eyes
His growing Glory, and in passion cryes:
Now *Jove* defend the Empire of your Skyes,

The World's too little grown
For his great Mind,

Nor will it be confin'd
Within the limits of our Liquid Throne,

How oft with furious Keels hath he
Plough'd up the Foaming Billows of the Sea?

Riding in Triumph, whil'st his daring Prow
Knocks at Heaven Gates, then tis at Hell below,

And all our silent Subjects of the Main
Swim round, as proud they can augment his Train;

But he shall know what e're his power's on Land,
We in our Watry Kingdoms will command;

This said, his awful Trydent he doth shake,
The Seas do roar, but gentle Rivers quake,

And in their Channels shrowd,
Whil'st from a fullen Cloud
Unruly *Boreas* raves,
And Troops of nimble Winds do wing Battalions of the Waves.
Thus Arm'd the *Trytons* Sound a Charge, when all
Th' imbatte'll'd Surges on the Heroe fall,
The mighty Waves, like mighty Hills appear,
Yet his bold Course he thorow them doth steer,
Looks on the danger, but disdains the fear.

VIII.

Yet brave *Cbryan*, and great *Roxborough* fell,
With Valiant *Hopton*, *Douglas*, *Hyde* and *Hume*,
Who all deserv'd a Nobler Fate and Tomb :
But yet in vain ye mighty Billows swell,
Since 'twas their choice, not you which made them fall,
As willing Victims to their Admiral :
Heaven view'd the Irraged Sea,
Their generous danger, and their piety,
Heaven smil'd to think that they
Would rob the envious Waters of their prey,
And through those traceless paths to blifs would find their way,
Whil'st with a shout they mount the Sky,
And as they cut the Ambient Air
Look from on high
Upon the *NUKE*, the Cuckoo of their Care,
Whom seeing safe,
The happy Souls at angry *Neptune* laugh,
And then with Songs of Triumph, take their flight
Into blest Mansions of Eternal Light :
But Royal *TORK* do thou in safety go,
(Guarded by Angels free from harms)
To Loves desir'd Port, thy lovely Consorts Arms :
And thou O Barque which do'st include him, know,
Thou carriest *Cesar*, and his Fortune too.

IX.

Amongst those happy Spirits that look'd down
From the Arch'd Skys *Carulean* Throne,
Th' exalted Soul of *Cowley* did descend,
Cowley to learned *Scarborough* still a friend,
From whose inspir'd numbers he
Hath reach't (whilst mortal) immortality,
And if we passion may ascribe
To those who dwell above,
Of all that bright, and blest Celestial Tribe,
His Vehicle was most compos'd of Love,
Whilst with his wonted Raptures thus he suez,
To wise *Apollo* Patron of his Muse :
Father of Light, O *Phabus*, dear
To Gods, and Men, look down and see
Thy Son, thy *Esculapius* in despair,

Opprest

Opprest and lost if not releiv'd by thee ;
 Scarbrough, whom Fame doth Natures Darling call,
 For he hath found and knows her secrets all,
 From lofty Cedars to sweet Hyssop ^{see} on the Walk ^{is about this nebula}
 He in Arts mysterious maze ^{is about this nebula}
 Hath discover'd various ways, ^{is about this nebula}
 Only known to Gods before; ^{is about this nebula}
 Whom poor Mortals think to be misgiving ^{is about this nebula}
 Some compassionate Deity, ^{Our Mother Peace the Glory}
 Sent down enfeebled Nature to restore. ^{And by this}
 Some gracious Act then of deliverance sent, ^{Within the Earth}
 And save thy Son, and save thy Comley's Friend. ^{Then will}

He spoke, the God inclin'd his sacred head, ^{only}
 And with a smile confirm'd, what his great Prophet said,
 Then with his richest Rays, ^{(As often as he}
 He gilds Seraphick Comley's Bays, ^{to all the Earth)}
 And as a farther Signal of his Love, ^{To the Gallant}
 Himself descends, and doth the Waves reprove, ^{Heaven now to him to live}
 The winds ^{into their wonted Caves retire,} ^{since}
 The trembling Waves fly from his scouring fire, ^{the world about him}
 Rocks sweat for fear, and each devouring Sand ^{clings}
 Dreads his reproof, and waits on his command;
 The God now stops his foaming Team,
 And from his Radiant Char'nt draws a Ream,
 Which like a Plank in seeming form he darts,
 Which Plank became the saving Ark, to Learning and the Arts.

XI.

Forbear my Muse, let Tragick Scenes alone,
 And turn to yonder silver Cloud, whereon
 A Brace of harmless Doves,
 Trac'd to a bright Etherial Throne,
 Do gently draw the Queen of Beauty down,.
 Attended by a thousand little Loves :
 'Tis not the Cytherean Dame,
 That frothy Beauty of the Sea,
 Whose known, but subtle Arts,
 Engender in our hearts
 None but a loose and wanton flame,
 Worthy of such a Deity,
 But all the Goddesses in One are here :
 She's chaste with Pallas, with Minerva wife,
 Venus 'tis true doth on her Cheeks appear,
 But Juno's Majesty shines through her Eyes,
 Virtues and Graces round about her move,
 There's Musick in the motion of her treads;
 Hugging his happy fate, the God of Love
 In triumph (chain'd with smiles) She Captive leads,
 Who since TORK's Lovely Dutchesse grac'd our Shore,
 His once admir'd Psyche Courts no more.

See, mann'd by her great Admiral she is come,
Laden with such a Blessing home,

As doth surmount our joy, & b'fore us drift
And with a happy Omen speaks the Princeely Boy: yinO
Heaven grant him live, i d'liM rooy moW
Our wanted Peace, and Glory to retreive, B'mm'c oho?

And by a just renown,
Within its Lawful Center fix the Crown:
Then smile Great Britain's Genius once again,
And Musick's Daughters lofty numbers sing,
Let every Beauteous Nymph and Amorous Swain,
The greatful Tribute of affection bring,

Only let Impious men That happy Birth contemn, (As once they did the Ark) which will give end To all our Fears, doth all our hopes portend : Then let Caballing Discontents beware, And know, whatever their pretensions are, Heaven will of Princes and their Thrones take care, Since none but Gods to Govern Worlds are fit, And those whom they as Substitutes admit,

• *and I am not able to tell you much about it*
• *I am not able to tell you much about it*
• *I am not able to tell you much about it*

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